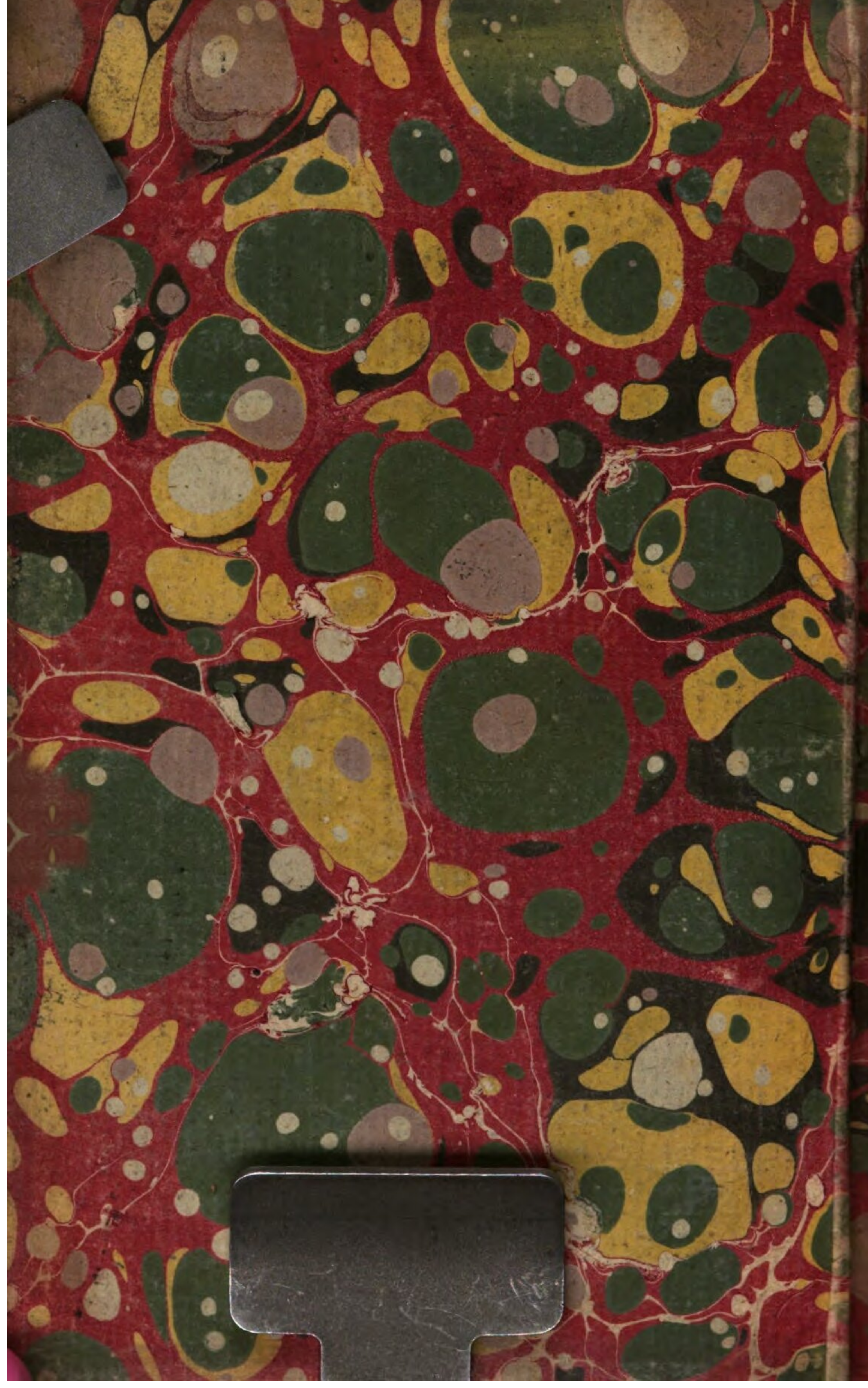






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LETTERS

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Lady M---y W----y M-----e:

Written, during her TRAVELS in

EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA,

TO

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

WHICH CONTAIN,

Among other CURIOUS Relations,

ACCOUNTS of the POLICY and MANNERS
of the TURKS;

Drawn from Sources that have been inaccessible to
other Travellers.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE
HONDT, in the Strand. MDCCLXVII.

106/64/2917

Historische
Staatsbibliothek
München

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the Abbot of —.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of human kind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, tho' I am utterly incapable of answering them. And indeed, were I as good a Mathematician as *Euclid* himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprize you, and can surprize nobody so much as myself. Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness or dulness, or both

VOL. III.

B

together,

together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you that if you please to read Sir *Paul Rycaut*, you will there find a full and true account of the *Viziers*, the *Beglerby's*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the *Seraglio*, &c. things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; tho' other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change; or some of them escape the observation of travellers; but 'tis not the same of the government, and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it. In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers, and for Mosques I have already described one of the noblest to you very parti-

particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of GEMELLI, (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer :) he says that there are no remains of Calcedon ; this is certainly a mistake ; I was there yesterday and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several Mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying ; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal, and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-

seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another, some hundreds of magnificent palaces. Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tail'd Bassa, not to be rich enough to keep in repair, the house he built; thus in a few years they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his Royal Bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal,

canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sash'd with the finest crystalline glass, brought from England, and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the Bagnio's. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pave-

ments of all white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa; and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices, and on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a kind of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers. I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity) but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and tho' such

such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl, fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaister and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting except that of statues. Thus you see, Sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them.

'Tis true, their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in musick, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise are hardly purchased, and when obtained, poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue

sue

sue this theme; perhaps I have already said
 too much, but I depend upon the true
 knowledge you have of my heart. I
 don't expect from you the insipid raille-
 ries I should suffer from another in an-
 swer to this letter. You know how to
 divide the idea of *pleasure* from that of
vice, and they are only mingled in the
 heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh
 at me for the sensual declaration in say-
 ing, that I had rather be a rich Effendi
 with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac
 Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To the Abbot of —.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, tho' I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage, through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

“ *Warm'd with poetic transport, I survey*
 “ *Th' immortal islands and the well known sea.*
 “ *For here so oft the Muse her harp has strung,*
 “ *That not a mountain rears its head unsung.*

I beg

I beg your pardon for this fally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we fet sail, we passed *Gallipolis*, a fair city, situated in the bay of *Chersoneusus*, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning, we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of *Sestos* and *Abydos* now called the *Dardanelli*. There are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observ'd by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with :

“ The

“ *The swimming Lover and the nightly Bride,*

“ *How HERO lov'd, and how LEANDER died.*

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks, who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes. The Governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (tho' I don't find she had either slept upon *Bride-cake* or kept *St. Agnes Fast*) fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers, and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions and withdrew his army, ordering

ing the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour, he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. *Sestos* is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this streight, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of *Leander*, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of *Xerxes*. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprizing a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious King try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount *Ida* ;

“ *Where Juno once caress'd her amorous Jove,*
 “ *And the world's master lay subdu'd by Love.*

Not

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old *Hecuba* was buried, and about a league from that place is Cape *Janizary*, the famous promontory of *Sigæum*, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where *Achilles* was buried, and where *Alexander* ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which, no doubt, was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there, the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone on which Mr. W——y plainly distinguished the words of *Sigæan Polin*. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shew'd others much more curious by a Greek Priest, tho' a very ignorant fellow that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church
lie

lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth and three in thickness. That on the right is very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in *Bas relief*; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some Deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription, but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. W——y's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our
7
captain

captain assured us, that, without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side, and when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the *Sciote* habit, the women being in short petticoats fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock-sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. *Sands*, (whose book I doubt not you have read as one of the best of its kind) speaking of these ruins supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see
no

no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory, the river *Simois* rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river and is called *Simores*; it is joined in the vale by the *Scamander*, which appeared a small stream half-choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was *Xanthus* amongst the Gods, as Homer tells us, and 'tis by that heavenly name, the Nymph *Oenone* invokes it, in her Epistle to *Paris*. The Trojan Virgins used to offer their first favours to it by the name of *Scamander*, till the adventure, which *Monsieur de la Fontaine* has told so agreeably, abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the

stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left at *Troy* is the ground on which it stood ; for I am firmly persuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it, are much more modern, and I think *Strabo* says the same thing. However there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of *Menelaus* and *Paris* had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north-wind reigns.

North

North of the promontory of Sigæum we saw that of *Rhateum*, fam'd for the sepulchre of *Ajax*. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers I admired the exact geography of *Homer*, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain, is still just for it; and I spent several hours here, in as agreeable *cogitations* as ever *Don Quixote* had on mount *Montesinos*. We sailed next night, to the shore where 'tis vulgarly reported *Troy* stood, and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shew'd to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*, i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there) that I

might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the antient walls which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a valley, several broken pillars and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions :

DIVI. AUG. COL.
 ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPENSIS
 EORUNDEM. ET. PRINCIP. AM
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ. TRIBUN.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
 TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
 PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VIII.

DIVL

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
 C. ANTONIO. M. F
 VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN
 DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS,
 ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
 EORUNDEM. ET PRINCIP. ITEM
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ TRIB.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII VOLUNTARIOR.
 TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
 GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VII

I do not doubt but the remains of a
 temple near this place are the ruins of
 one dedicated to Augustus, and I know
 not why Mr. *Sands* calls it a Christian
 temple, since the Romans certainly built
 hereabouts. Here are many tombs of
 fine marble and vast pieces of granite,
 which are daily lessen'd by the prodigi-
 ous balls that the Turks make, from
 them, for their cannon. We passed

that evening the isle of *Tenedos*, once under the patronage of APOLLO, as he gave it in, himself, in the particulars of his estate, when he courted *Daphne*. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of *Tenes*, from whom it was called; but naming *Mytilene* where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning, *Lesbos* where SAPPHO sung and PITTACUS reigned, famous for the birth of ALCEUS, THEOPHRASTUS and ARION, those masters in Poetry, Philosophy, and Musick. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of *Catucufeno*, &c. Princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am. 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this
island

island into the Eugean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving *Scio* (the antient *Chios*) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain still celebrated for the Nectar that VIRGIL mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families ; tho' they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a Bassa here ; however they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country ;

*And eat and sing and dance away their time,
Fresh as their groves and happy as their clime.*

Their chains hang lightly on them, tho' 'tis not long since they were impos'd, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forgot myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the streight between the islands of *Andros* and *Achaia*, now *Libadia*, we saw the promontory of Lunium, now called *Cape Colonna*, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of MINERVA. This venerable sight made me think with double regret, on a beautiful temple of THESEUS, which I am assured was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the *Morea*, that the Turks filled it with powder and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had
a great

a great mind to land on the fam'd *Peloponnesus*, tho' it were only to look on the rivers of *Asopus*, *Peneus*, *Inachus*, and *Eurotas*, the fields of *Arcadia* and other scenes of ancient Mythology. But instead of Demi-gods and Heroes, I was credibly informed, 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risque of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which however I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by *Cape Angelo*, once *Malea*, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous;

tainous; we easily distinguish'd that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority that here were a hundred cities——

——*Centum Urbes habitant Magnas*——

The chief of them——the scene of monstrous passions.—*Matellus* first conquer'd this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of——I am running on to the very siege of Candia, and I am so angry with myself that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when after drinking a dish of tea with SAPPHO, I might have gone, the same evening, to visit the temple of HOMER in *Chios*, and passed this voyage in taking plans of
mag-

magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! Art is extinct here, the wonders of nature alone remain, and it was with vast pleasure I observ'd those of mount *Ætna*, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour Philosophy too much to imagine it could turn that of *EMPEDOCLES*; and *LUCIAN* shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man of whom *Lucretius* says

—*vix humana videtur stirpe creatus*—

We passed *Trinacria* without hearing any of the *Syrens* that *Homer* describes, and, being thrown on neither *Sylla* nor *Charybdis*, came safe to *Malta*, first called
Melita,

Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock cover'd with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign Prince; but his strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckon'd the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.—Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into *Porta Farine* on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At *Tunis* we were met by the English consul who resides here. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done
by

by day light, and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is, for the most part, sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon fields are enclos'd by hedges of that plant, we call *Indian fig*, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins ; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *Ramadan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun and spend the night in feasting.

We

We saw under the trees, companies of the country people, eating, singing and dancing to their wild musick. They are not quite black, but all mulattoe's, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—

But the women have their arms to their very shoulders and their necks and faces adorn'd with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impress'd by gun-powder, a considerable addition to their natural deformity, which is, however, esteemed very ornamental amongst them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage,
over

over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W——y assured me, that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polish'd and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye, and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it

it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true, here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water, but what is preserv'd in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape, and being mix'd with a breed of renegadoes are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieg'd in 1270 by LEWIS king of France, who died, under the walls of it, of a pestilential fever. After his death, PHILIP, his son, and our prince EDWARD, son of Henry the III^d, rais'd the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of BARBAROSSA, admiral of SOLYMAN the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled

expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk under the conduct of *Sinan Bassa*, in the reign of SELIM II. From that time till now, it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a Bey, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is, at this time, in the same circumstances; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of *Carthage*. — I was however half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called the *stables of*

the Elephants, but which I cannot believe were ever design'd for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them hither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were design'd for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate render'd necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents* not far off many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertain'd with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their country-

country-people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refresh'd by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of *Byrsa*, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of *Carthage*, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt-ponds. STRABO calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have describ'd; and the history of it is too well known to want any abridgment of it. You see, Sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I

have answer'd your letter by giving you the accounts you desir'd, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you by word of mouth that I am

Your humble servant,

&c. &c.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the Countess of —.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I B E G your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from *Tunis*, the only opportunity I have had, since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot —, and durst not go to write many others, I had designed; nor indeed could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in

return for the diversion I have had here. —I am in the house of Mrs. *D'Avenant* at St. *Pierre d'Arena*, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay, and being built on a rising hill intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the *Archipelago*, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking

ing

ing of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those Infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the Envoy, being spatter'd with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of *Cizisbei's* has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced

me there were any such upon earth. The fashion begun here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes, as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an expedient, first found out by the Senate, to put an end to those family hatreds, which tore their estate to pieces, and to find employment for those young men, who were forced to cut one another's throats, *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that since the institution of *Cizisbey*, there has been nothing but peace and good humour amongst them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean, a married one, for the Virgins are all invisible, and

con-

confined to Convents:) They are obliged to wait on her to all publick places, such as the plays, opera's and assemblies, (which are called here *Conversations*) where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves, if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c.—— When she goes out, they serve her instead of *lacquies*, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of publick appearance, not forgetting that of her own name*; in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none) but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure

* That is, the day of the Saint after whom she is called.

Platonick friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a *Cizisbei* of their own chusing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more. Men grow more scarce and faucy, and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious liberty* of a Republick, or, more properly, an Aristocracy, the common people being here as arrant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the DOGE, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above
another

another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of *Andrea Doria* (that great man, who restor'd them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges. When the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke *Doria*. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. — Is it not enough that I say, they are most of them, the design of PALLADIO? The street call'd *Strada Nova*, is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of *Durazzo*, those of the two *Balbi*, joined together by a magnificent

ficent colonade, that of the *Imperiale* at this village of *St. Pierre d'Arena*, and another of the *Doria*. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste, and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of *Raphael*, *Paulo Veronese*, *Titian*, *Caracci*, *Michael Angelo*, *Guido* and *Correggio*, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own, I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These my beloved painters shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a *Lucretia* in the house of *Balbi*; the expressive beauty of that face

face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration, that could be raised in the soul, by the finest poem on that subject. A *Cleopatra*, of the same hand, deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes.—

Here are also some inestimable ancient busto's——The church of St. *Lawrence* is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which, they say, was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it; a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the *Annunciation* is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that
of

of St. *Ambrose* has been very much adorn'd by the Jesuits; but I confess all the churches appeared so mean to me, after that of *Sancta Sophia*, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names. But I hope you will own, I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortned, and very agreeably pass'd in Mrs. *D'Avenant's* company, in the village of St. *Pierre Lârene*, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well design'd, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another.

another.—I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destin'd to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Countess of ———.

Turin, Sept. 12, O. S. 1718.

I CAME, in two days, from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shew'd to strangers in the town, which indeed is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief, to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the King's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the *Po*. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of *La Venerie*, and

La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the *Piazza Royale*, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the *Chevalier* ———, whom you knew in England, who, with great civility, begg'd to introduce us at court, which is now kept at *Rivoli*, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the Queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her Majesty, in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies all dress'd in gowns, amongst which it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The Queen entertain'd me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She

did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood ; and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of Majesty, as often as I could, which perhaps she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.—The King has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes ; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man ; but the great devotion, which this court is, at present, fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here ; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor Count of ———, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presum'd to make to a maid

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of

of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of.—If I come to the bottom, you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLVII.

To Mrs. T——.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, design'd to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there, knowing we were upon our return. I am surprized to hear my sister —— has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept
my

may bed till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town, where I have had so terrible a fever, I believ'd for some time, that all my journies were ended here ; and I do not at all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed, should have such an effect. The first day's journey from Turin to *Novalesse*, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted and enrich'd by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount *Cenis*, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles, upon mens shoulders ; our chaises taken to pieces and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a

confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffer'd less from the extreme cold that reigns here. But the misty rain which falls perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprizing to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick, and the event has shew'd, that I plac'd my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful
in

in vines and pastures. Amongst them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. *Acquebellet* is the last, and soon after we entered *Pont Beauvoisin*, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom, and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determin'd, that the fore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weaken'd by sickness, a head muddled with

E 7 spleen,

spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber cram'd with mortifying objects of apothecaries vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To Mr. Pope.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you, for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you, 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must, at the same time, see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents; that I must receive and pay visits, make curtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with

with questions ; and, on the other part, that I am a creature, that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes ; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have stay'd where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life.——I should certainly be melancholy, if I pursued this theme one line farther. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper, with the inscriptions on the tables of brass, that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. T A B L E.

I. TABLE.

*Maererum. nostr : : : : sii : : : : :
 Equidem. primam. omnium. illam. cogitatio-
 nem. hominum. quam. maxime. primam. oc-
 cursuram. mihi. provideo. deprecor. ne.
 quasi. novam. istam. rem. introduci. ex-
 borrescatis. sed. illa. potius. cogitetis. quam.
 multa. in. hac. civitate. novata. sint. et.
 quidem. statim. ab. origine. urbis. nostræ.
 in. quod. formas. statusque. res. p. nostra.
 diducta. sit.*

*Quondam. reges. banc. tenuere. urbem.
 ne. tamen. domesticis. successoribus. eam.
 tradere. contigit. supervenere. alieni. et.
 quidam. externi. ut. Numa. Romulo. suc-
 cesserit. ex. Sabinis. veniens. vicinus. qui-
 dem.*

dem. sed. tunc. externus. ut. Anco. Marcio.
 Priscus. Tarquinius. propter. temeratum.
 sanguinem. quod. patre. de. marato. Co-
 rinthio. natus. erat. et. Tarquiniensi.
 matre. generosa. sed. inopi. ut. quæ. tali.
 marito. necesse. habuerit. succumbere. cum.
 domi. repelleretur. a. gerendis. honoribus.
 postquam. Romam. migravit. regnum. adeptus.
 est. huic. quoque. et. filio. nepotivæ.
 ejus. nam. et. hoc. inter. auctores. discre-
 pat. insertus. Servius. Tullius. si. nostros.
 sequimur. captiva. natus. ocrefia. si.
 tuscos. cæli. quondam. vivennæ. sodalis.
 fidelissimus. omnisque. ejus. casus. comes.
 postquam. varia. fortuna. exactus. cum.
 omnibus. reliquis. cæliani. exercitus. Etruria.
 excessit. montem. Cælium. occupavit. et. a.
 duce.

duce. suo. Cælio. ita. appellitatus. muta-
 toque. nomine. nam. tusce. mastarna. ei.
 nomen. erat. ita. appellatus. est. ut. dixi.
 et. regnum. summa. cum. reip. utilitate.
 optinuit. deinde. postquam. Tarquini. Su-
 perbi. mores. invisi. civitati. nostræ. esse.
 cœperunt. qua. ipsius. qua. filiorum. ejus.
 nempe. pertæsum. est. mentes. regni. et.
 ad. consules. annuos. magistratus. admi-
 nistratio. reip. translata. est.

Quid. nunc. commemorem. dictaturæ. hoc.
 ipso. consulari. imperium. valentius. re-
 pertum. apud. majores. nostros. quo. in.
 asperioribus. bellis. aut. in. civili. motu.
 difficiliore. uterentur. aut. in. auxilium.
 plebis. creatos. tribunos. plebei. quid. a.
 consu-

consulibus. ad. decemviros. translatum.
imperium. solutoque. postea. decemvirali.
regno. ad. consules. rursus. reditum. quid.
im : : : v. ris. distributum. consulare.
imperium. tribunosque. militum. consulari.
imperio. appellatos. qui. seni. et. octoni.
crearentur. quid. communicatos. postremo.
cum. plebe. honores. non. imperi. solum. sed.
sacerdotorum. quoque. jamsi. narrem. bella.
a. quibus. cœperint. majores. nostri. et.
quo. processerimus. vereor. ne. nimio. inso-
lentior. esse. videar. et. quæsisse. jactatio-
nem. gloriæ. prolati. imperi. ultra. ocea-
num. sed. illo. C. Porius. revertar. civita-
tem.

II. TABLE.

:
sane :
 : : : : *novo* : : : *divus* : *aug* : *no* :
lus. et. patruus. Ti. Cæsar. omnem. florem.
ubique. coloniarum. ac. municipiorum. bo-
norum. scilicet. virorum. et. locupletium.
in. hac. curia. esse. voluit. quid. ergo. non.
italicus. senator. provinciali. potior. est.
jam. vobis. cum. hanc. partem. censuræ.
meæ. approbare. coepero. quid. de. fa. re.
sentiam. rebus. ostendam. sed. ne. provin-
ciales. quidem. si. modo. ornare. curiam.
poterint. rejiciendos. puto.

Ornatissima. ecce. colonia. valentissi-
 maque. riennensium. quam. longo. jam.
 tempore. senatores. huic. curiæ. confert.
 ex. qua. colonia. inter. paucos. equestris.
 ordinis. ornamentum. L. restinum. fa-
 miliarissime. diligo. et. hodieque. in. re-
 bus. meis. detineo. cujus. liberi. fruuntur.
 quæso. primo. sacerdotiorum. gradu. post.
 modo. cum. annis. promoturi. dignitatis.
 suæ. incrementa. ut. dirum. nomen. la-
 tronis. taceam. et. odi. illud. palestri-
 cum. prodigium. quod. ante. in. domum.
 consulatum. intulit. quam. colonia. sua.
 solidum. civitis. Romanæ. beneficium. con-
 secuta. est. idem. de. fratre. ejus. possum.
 dicere. miserabili. quidem. indignissimoque.

hcc.

*hoc. casu. ut. vobis. utilis. senator. esse. non.
possit.*

*Tempus. est. jam. Ti. Cæsar. Germanice
detegere. te. patribus conscriptis. quo. ten-
dat. oratio. tua. jam. enim. ad. extremos.
fines. Galliæ. Narbonensis. venisti.*

*Tot. ecce. insignes. juvenes. quot. in-
tueor. non. magis. sunt. pænitendi. senato-
reb. quam. pænitet. Persicum. nobilissimum.
virum. amicum. meum. inter. imagines.
majorum. suorum. Allogrogici. nomen. legere.
quod. si. hæc. ita. esse. consenti. is. quid.
ultra. desideratis. quam. ut. vobis. digito.
demonstrem. solum. ipsum. ultra. fines. pro-
vinciæ. Narbonensis. jam. vobis. senatores.
mittere. quando. ex. Lugduno. habere. nos.*

nostri. ordinis. viros. non. pænitent. timide.
 quidem. p. c. egressus. adsuetos. familiares-
 que. vobis. provinciarum. terminos. sum.
 sed. destitute. jam. comatæ. Galliæ. causa.
 agenda. est. in. qua. si. quis. hoc. intuetur.
 quod. bello. per. decem. annos. exercuerunt.
 divom. julium. idem. opponat. centum. anno-
 rum. immobilem. fidem. obsequiumque. mul-
 tis. tripidis. rebus. nostris. plusquam. ex-
 pertum. illi. patri. meo. Druso. Germaniam.
 subigenti. tutam. quiete. sua. securamque.
 a. tergo. pacem. præstiterunt. et. quidem.
 cum. ad. census. novo. tum. opere. et. in.
 adsueto. Galliis. ad. bellum. advocatus. esset.
 quod. opus. quam. arduum. sit. nobis.
 nunc. cum. maxime. quamvis. nihil. ultra.
 quam. ut. publice. notæ. sint. facultates.
 nostræ. exquiratur. nimis. magno. experi-
 mento. cognoscimus.

I was

I was also shewed, without the gate of *St. Justinus*, some remains of a Roman aquæduct; and behind the monastery of *St. Mary*, there are the ruins of the Imperial palace, where the Emperor *CLAUDIUS* was born, and where *SEVERUS* lived. The great cathedral of *St. John* is a good Gothick building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town, is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here, of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their King had intended to express in one image, *ignorance, ill taste, and vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure, so proper for that purpose, as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an

old *beau*, who had a mind to be a *hero*, with a bushel of curl'd hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand.——

The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the *Belle cour* well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Soane and Rhone.

“ *Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit*

“ *Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.*”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confin'd several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to
continue

continue my way to Paris, with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons, and am determin'd to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries and fore throats.

When you see Lady R——, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R——.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R——, a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than chusing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French Ambassadors at Constantinople, has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been
 extreme

extreme ill, all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starv'd faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to *Fontaine-bleau*, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or

painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the King's houses. Its walls are design'd after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all peoples thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of *St. Lawrence* is now in season. You may be sure I have been
carried

carried thither, and think it much better dispos'd than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *Grossièreté* of their Harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-Market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields; but then, it must be own'd, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La —— . I have seen the Tragedy of BAJAZET so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving
to

to see a man appear unhappy than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress, from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country

try women ; and if I was writing to any body else, I should say, that these grotesque dawbers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R—'s auborne hair, and the lively colours of her unfullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER L.

To Mr. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

YOU see I'm just to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprized to meet my sister. I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not receiv'd my late letters) and this meeting would shine under the hand of *de Scuderie*, but I shall not imitate his style so far, as to tell you how often we embrac'd, how she enquir'd by what odd chance I return'd from Constantinople? And I answer'd her by asking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations

clamations and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen *Versailles*, *Trianon*, *Marli* and *St. Cloud*. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own *Versailles* appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and, after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinet of antiques and medals, is, indeed, very richly furnished. Amongst that collection, none pleased so well as the *Apotheosis* of *Germanicus*, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind, that I remember to have seen. I observ'd some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery and tawdry pencil

pencil of LE BRUN, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of Æsop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors, that have been paid for these descriptions. *Trianon*, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; *Marli*, better than either of them, and *St. Cloud* best of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the afore said books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many foot they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke D'Antin,
 who

who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the *Arch-Angel* of RAPHAEL, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I say nothing of the *Thuilleries*, much finer than our Mall; and the *Cour*, more agreeable than our *Hide-Park*, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the *Louvre*, I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke Regent. He is tall and well shap'd, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his great grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France, that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least

least a Briton) absolute at Paris ; I mean Mr. LAW, who treats their Dukes and Peers extremely “ *de haut en bas*,” and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.——Poor souls !—— This reflection on their abject slavery, puts me in mind of the *place des victoires* ; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large, and

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when

when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R L I.

To the Abbot ———.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I A M willing to take your word for it that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet boat in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We call'd a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us ; while all the people on board us were crying to heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion, and yet shall I own it to you ? tho' I was
not

not at all willing to be drown'd, I could not forbear being entertain'd at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel crack'd, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seem'd to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and address'd herself to me——“*Dear Madam, will you take*
“ care of this point? if it should
“ be lost!———Ah Lord, we shall all be
“ lost! Lord have mercy on my soul!———
“ Pray, Madam, take care of this head-
“ dress.” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate

agonies that both gave her, made it hard
 to determine which she thought of great-
 est value. But however, the scene was
 not so diverting but I was glad to get
 rid of it, and be thrown into the little
 boat, tho' with some hazard of break-
 ing my neck. It brought me safe hi-
 ther, and I cannot help looking with
 partial eyes on my native land. That
 partiality was certainly given us by na-
 ture, to prevent rambling, the effect of
 an ambitious thirst after knowledge,
 which we are not formed to enjoy. All
 we get by it is a fruitless desire of mix-
 ing the different pleasures and conveni-
 ences which are given to the different
 parts of the world, and cannot meet in
 any one of them. After having read all
 that is to be found in the languages I am
 mistress of, and having decayed my sight
 by midnight studies, I envy the easy
 peace

peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturb'd by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learn'd, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And after having seen part of Asia and Africa and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, that the *Beca figuas* of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef, and that in short there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life ; and since I must be contented with our scanty

allowance of day-light, that I may forget
the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LII.

To Mr. P —.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I Have this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. *Congreve*; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly call'd Haymakers) would have liv'd in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted

their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that *John Hughes* and *Sarah Drew* were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my
skill

skill in an *epitaph*, I think the following lines perhaps more just, tho' not so poetical as yours.

*Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;
 Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you ?
 Believe me, friend, much may be said
 On that poor couple that are dead.
 On Sunday next they should have married ;
 But see how oddly things are carried !
 On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
 These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
 Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay
 In hopes to pass the time away.
 But the BOLD THUNDER found them out
 (Commission'd for that end no doubt)
 And seizing on their trembling breath,
 Consign'd them to the shades of death.
 Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?
 For had they seen the next year's sun,
 A beaten wife and cuckold swain
 Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain ;
 Now they are happy in their doom,
 FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR
 TOMB.*

I con-

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; tho' I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid, *living*, humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C—— ; but suppose you will read this to him if he enquires after me.

* L E T T E R LIII.

To Lady —.

January 13, 1715-16.

I F I N D after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs. D—— is resolved to marry the old greasy Curate. She was always High Church in an excessive degree, and you know she used to speak of Sacheverel as an Apostolick Saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St. Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter however very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the *man* than
the

* This and the following Letters are now first published.

the *apostle* that Mrs. D—— looks to in the present alliance. Tho' at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished.—Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and sanctified air—Warm devotions is no equivocal mark of warm passions; besides I know it is a fact, (of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the *means*, supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The Curate indeed is very filthy—Such a red, spungy,

gy,

gy, warty nose ! Such a squint ! In short, he is ugly beyond expression ; and what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs. D——'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year—she but a trifling sum ; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease ; and if Mrs. D——, instead of spending whole days in reading Collier, Hicks,

Hicks, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house and minding her dairy, things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their *tender loves* will give them many *sweet babes* to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the ale-house in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs. D—— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the

Persians

Persians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S—y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes, and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the *sweets* of the conjugal state : you tell me that our friend Mrs. — is, at length, blessed with a son ; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is to be depended upon) insists

on

on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter ; and, to give it you frankly, I really think that Mr. ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances, but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times and places, just like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from nature to stop your mouths, weigh, I must own to you, but very little

little with me. This same *Nature* is indeed a specious word, nay there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied, but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society, that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of Nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither taylor, nor weaver, nor mantua-makers, nor seamsters, nor milliners :

Vol. III.

H

And

And yet I am very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject—I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him to quench his thirst, for stout October, Port, or Claret. Indeed if Mrs. ——— was a buxom, sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from

from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case) she might be a good nurse for her child ; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss, I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless

you may be afraid that the young squire, may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last—What you say of two of the rebel Lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter.—If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Dr. Black-beard—He is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I
 imagine

imagine (within myself) that the Smithfield priests, who burned the protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the doctor's. If we were papists I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity, and his good, indulgent heart, would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewel, my dear Lady, &c. &c.

LETTER LIV.

To the Abbot —.

Vienna, January 2, O. S. 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprise you, I have particular pleasure in my Spanish

ac-

acquaintances, Count Oropeza and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two Counts its ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic counsellor and

a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court in point of knowledge and abilities, is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment ; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two young

young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The Count is just such a Roman Catholick as you; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the *spirit*, and ends generally with the *flesh*, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here
under

under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much superior to the lyric productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of Alchymists at Vienna; the *philosophers stone* is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar,

gar,

gar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an Alchymist in his service, and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, tho' he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday; we found him
attended

attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, tho' not very ample, is well chosen; but as the prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris, were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there

were

were several quarto's on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of *Spahis* and *Fanissaries*; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits that formerly belonged to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would say that I

make

make an indiscreet use of the permission to lie, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is just come in—He is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution ; tho', as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even tho' I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as

I am

I am a heretick, and you no confessor, I
 shall make no declarations on this head.—
 The design of the Count's visit is a ball;
 —more pleasure.—I shall be surfeited.

Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R LV.

To Mr. P——.

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but, at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A Janissary who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a pannick terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W—— the news of a compleat victory obtained by
the

the Imperialists, commanded by prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the Prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has call'd him from the
 ——— (*here several words of the manuscript are effaced.*)——Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation, which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by

ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his Treasurer to advance some months pay to the Janissaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the publick contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance

istance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the Bashaws and their retinue, while the Janissaries and Spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very *handsome* return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connexions with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one

another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the publick theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror. Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of
all

all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress an hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The lascious passion of the Seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty

berty even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry ; but after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered ; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing and dress amuse them highly ; but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it
from

from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.—

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprize, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and really believe that he would have done well to

have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatick ; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject ; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground *classick ground* ; nor will you
 refuse

refuse our present Secretary a part of that
 merit, whatever reasons you may have
 to be dissatisfied with him in other re-
 spects. You are the three happiest poets
 I ever heard of; one a secretary of state,
 the other enjoying leisure with dignity in
 two lucrative employments; and you,
 tho' your religious profession is an ob-
 stacle to court promotion, and disquali-
 fies you from filling civil employments,
 have found the *Philosophers stone*, since
 by making the *Iliad* pass through your
 poetical crucible into an English form
 without losing aught of its original
 beauty, you have drawn the golden cur-
 rent of *Pactolus* to *Twickenham*. I
 call

call this finding the Philosophers stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A——n and T——I tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial——while you touched the mantle of the divine Bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the *Odyſſey* ſoon from your happy hand, and I think I ſhall follow with ſingular pleaſure the traveller *Ulyſſes*, who was an obſerver of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better
than

than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the Iliad does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish nevertheless that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastick: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstruative; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critick;

so

so I take my leave of you for this
time, and desire you will believe me,
with the highest esteem,

Yours, &c.

* L E T T E R LVI.

To the Countess of — —.

Saturday—Florence.

I SET out from Bologna the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads—hilly and rocky—between Bologna and Fierenzuola. Between this

* *As this letter is the supplement to a preceding one which is not come to the hands of the Editor, it was, probably on that account, sent without a date. It seems evidently to have been written after lady M. W. M. had fixed her residence in Italy.*

latter

latter place and Florence I went out of my road to visit the monastery of *La Trappe*, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat it gave me pain to observe the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and
extatick

extatick joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastick discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness to excite an enmity between soul and body, which nature and providence have designed to live together in an union and friendship, and which we cannot separate like man and wife when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the monks of *La Trappe*, is a singular circumstance of their unfociable and unnatural discipline ; and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other

charac-

character than as a collection of statues; but the superior of the convent suspended, in our favour, that rigorous law, and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me that the monks of this order in France are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish or eggs; but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order is remarkable, and is well attested, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman whose name was *Boutbillier de Rancé*, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into
the

the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself, for some time, from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connexions of successful love. At his return to Paris he proposed to surprise her agreeably; and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly and without ceremony to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted with—but think of the spectacle that presented itself to him at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures! his

mistress dead—dead of the small pox—disfigured beyond expression—a loathsome mass of putrified matter—and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short! He stood for a moment motionless in amazement, and filled with horror—and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of *La Trappe*, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.—Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you that before I came to this monastery I went to

see

see the burning mountains near Fierenzuala, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot where there is a cavity, whose circumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass thro' the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits a flame,

which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the Volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read farther Carazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr. F——, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the Volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcano's.

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs thro' the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly the cathedral, whose grandeur filled me with

astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the publick edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a stile (if I may use that expression) in every thing, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it,——whether from natural genius or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery,
that

that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily thro' six apartments in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed thro' the great room which contains the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of

their preposterous loves, which I suppose, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description : such figures my eyes never beheld—I can now understand that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked, all its parts are bigger than nature ; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance and grace, as no words can describe. When

I saw

I saw the Venus I was rapt in wonder,
—and I could not help casting a thought
back upon Antinous. They ought to
be placed together. They are worthy
of each other.—If marble could see and
feel, the separation might be prudent,—
if it could only *see*, it would certainly
lose its coldness and learn to feel, and in
such a case the charms of these two
figures would produce an effect quite
opposite to that of the Gorgon's head,
which turned flesh into stone. Did I
pretend to describe to you the Venus, it
would only set your imagination at work
to form ideas of her figure, and your
ideas would no more resemble that figure,
than

than the Portuguese face of Miss N—— who has enchanted our knights, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of lady —— his former flame. The description of a face or figure is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea, it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastick one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue by executing your commission with respect to the sketches
of

of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-Court; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have, indeed, seen in the Grand Duke's collection, four pieces, in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of these compositions; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious, these pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is notorious

rious that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the master-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of *St. Michael in Bosco*, done by the *Carracci*, and *Guido Rheni*, have been ruined by the painters, who after having copied some of the finest heads, scraped them almost entirely

tirely out with nails. Thus you see nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word Malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham : his lies affect me now no more ; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart ; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature,

nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred of man and woman kind.—

But I must quit this contemptible subject, on which a just indignation would render my pen so fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I would surfeit you with a supplement twice as long. Besides a violent head-ach advertises me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I shall say some things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the *strange man*, as from yourself. My mind is at present tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to

fin,

fin, as it is to certain connexions, I
 should be a great saint. Adieu, my
 dear Madam.

Yours very affectionately, &c.

LETTER LVII.

To Mr. P.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-show amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is à-la-mode—there

is

is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprize, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin

is equally remote from the chearful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, tho' this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate

L

state

state between infancy and manhood ; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world ; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew* ? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the French man—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers whose

brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours ?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence often accompanied with taste that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens ; for tho' I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous Colossean statue of Jupiter,

piter, the workmanship of Myron,
 which Mark Anthony carried away from
 Samos, and Augustus ordered to be
 placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian
 marble, and tho' it has suffered in the
 ruin of time, it still preserves striking
 lines of majesty. But surely, if marble
 could feel, the God would frown with a
 generous indignation to see himself tran-
 sported from the Capitol into a French
 garden; and after having received the
 homage of the Roman emperors who
 laid their laurels at his feet when they re-
 turned from their conquests, to behold
 now nothing but frizzed beaus passing
 by him with indifference.

L 3

I propose

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without

without end or measure. It is time,
however, that I should put an end to my
letter ; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To Count —.

Translated from the French.

I A M charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the imper-

impertinencies and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people

read

read it ; being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans ; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed ; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Musselmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As

As to your next enquiry, I assure you 'tis certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the

virtues

virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise : For women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world ; but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable, even that of multiplying the human race :

race : and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catharines, your St. Therefas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows ? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism.

I know

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us ; but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politicks, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned)

learned) do very well deserve this name :
 They have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich Effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were
 in

in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice: but that nevertheless the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This Effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us: nay, he seemed to have some knowlege of our religious disputes, and even of our writers:

ters: and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Jophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often

intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives, that can value itself on being unmix'd. You frequently see a person, whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine: nor could I ever doubt, but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long-hair'd

hair'd blacks, the small eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brasilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind, as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mungrels, so mankind have their mungrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish

nish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most, is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are natures opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland,

land, and a lively air streaked with dullness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop-

petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

CONCERNING

Monfieur de la ROCHEFOUCAULT's
 Maxim——“ *That Marriage is*
“ sometimes convenient, but never
“ delightful.”

IT may be thought a presumptuous attempt in me to contravert a maxim advanced by fuch a celebrated genius as Monfieur Rochefoucault, and received with fuch implicit faith by a nation which boasts of fuperior politeneſs to the reſt of the world, and which for a long time paſt has preſcribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

Nevertheless, prompted by that ardour which truth inspires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and resolutely insist, that there are some marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are sympathetic. Nature has presented us with pleasures suitable to our species, and we need only to follow her impulse, refined by taste and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the most perfect felicity of which human nature is susceptible : ambition, avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the most exquisite perfection, can yield but trifling and tasteless pleasures,

tures, which will be too inconsiderable to affect a mind of delicate sensibility.

We may consider the gifts of fortune as so many steps necessary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to set bounds to our desires, and being only gratified with some of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are considered as the necessary means to acquire or preserve a more exquisite felicity.

This felicity consists alone in friendship, founded on mutual esteem, fixed
by

by gratitude, supported by inclination, and animated by the tender sollicitudes of Love, whom the antients have admirably described under the appearance of a beautiful infant: it is pleased with infantine amusements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of mischief, delighted with trifles; its pleasures are gentle and innocent.

They have given a very different representation of another passion too gross to be mentioned, but of which alone men in general are susceptible. This they have described under the figure of a satyr, who has more of the brute than

than of the man in his composition. By this fabulous animal they have expressed a passion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modish gallantry, and which only endeavours to glut its appetite with the possession of the object which is most lovely in its estimation: a passion founded in injustice, supported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorse, jealousy and contempt. Can such an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheless such is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all those sentiments of honour which are inseparable from a liberal

beral education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the constant pursuit of what reason condemns, to have all their pleasures embittered by remorse, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impossible to taste the delights of love in perfection, but in a well assorted marriage; nothing betrays such a narrowness of mind as to be governed by words. What though custom, for which good reasons may be assigned, has made the words *husband* and *wife* somewhat ridiculous? A husband, in
common

common acceptation, signifies a jealous brute, a surly tyrant ; or at best a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domestic termigant, who is destined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a husband. The conduct of married people in general, sufficiently justifies these two characters.

But as I said before, Why should words impose upon us? A well regulated marriage is not like these connections of interest or ambition. A fond couple attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers who live happily together. Though the priest pronounces

nounces certain words, though the lawyer draws up certain instruments; yet I look on these preparatives in the same light as a lover considers a rope-ladder which he fastens to his mistress's window: if they can but live together, what does it signify at what price or by what means their union is accomplished? Where love is real and well founded, it is impossible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object, and the price at which it is obtained does not lessen the vivacity and delights of a passion such as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happiness in

Arcadia.

Arcadia. I am not prudish enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wishes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by sentiment, taste and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their interests and lives in such an union? The lover has the pleasure of giving his mistress the last testimony of esteem and confidence, and she in return commits her peace and liberty to his protection. Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural, to give the most incontestable proofs of that tenderness with which our minds are impressed? I am sensible that
some

some are so nice as to maintain that the pleasures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended ; they very pertly observe, that a rose would not be a rose without thorns. There are a thousand insipid remarks of this sort, which make so little impression on me, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my mistress would make me unhappy, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herself.

Two married lovers lead very different lives : they have the pleasure to pass their time in a successive intercourse of
mutual

mutual obligations, and marks of benevolence, and they have the delight to find that each forms the entire happiness of the beloved object. Herein consists perfect felicity. The most trivial concerns of oeconomy become noble and elegant when they are exalted by sentiments of affection; to furnish an apartment, is not barely to furnish an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: to prepare a supper, is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amusement to regale the object I doat on. In this light, a woman considers these necessary occupations as more lively and affecting pleasures, than those gaudy

sights which amuse the greater part of the sex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment softens every emotion of the soul, and renders every object agreeable which presents itself to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his mistress). If he exercises any employment, the fatigues of the camp, the troubles of the court, all become agreeable when he reflects that he endures these inconveniences to serve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, for success does not depend on merit,

all

all the advantages it procures, are so many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lively pleasure, and more worthy of an honest man, than that of raising his fortune, and gaining public applause. He enjoys glory, titles and riches no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a senate, the applause of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praises which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverse of fortune, he has the consolation of retiring to one who is af-

fected by his disgrace; and, locked in
 her embraces, he has the satisfaction of
 giving utterance to the following tender
 reflections. “ My happiness does not
 “ depend on the caprice of fortune; I
 “ have a constant asylum against inque-
 “ tude. Your esteem renders me insen-
 “ sible of the injustice of a court, or the
 “ ingratitude of a master, and my losses
 “ afford me a kind of pleasure, since
 “ they furnish me with fresh proofs of
 “ your virtue and affection. Of what
 “ use is grandeur to those who are al-
 “ ready happy? We have no need of
 “ flatterers, we want no equipages, I
 “ reign in your affections, and I enjoy
 “ every

“ every delight in the possession of your
 “ person.”

In short, there is no situation in which melancholy may not be assuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickness itself is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleasure of being attended by her we love. I should never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing which can flatter the senses with the most lively and diffusive raptures. But I must not omit taking notice of the pleasure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender

friendship, daily growing up, and of amusing ourselves, according to our different sexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable instinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praise the beauty of her mother; in a son, we commend the understanding, and the appearance of innate probity which we esteem in his father. It is a pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Speaking of Moses, I cannot forbear observing that the primitive plan of felicity

licity infinitely surpasses all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradise, more like a Paradise, than the state in which our first parents were placed: that proved of short duration, because they were unacquainted with the world, and it is for the same reason that so few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a silly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When such people come together, their being amorous is to no purpose, for their affections must necessarily be short-lived. In the transports of their love, they form supernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his mistress an angel because she is hand-

some, and she is enraptured with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration, and the husband being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her, who had no other foundation for her love. By degrees they grow disgustful to each other, and after the example of our first parents they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced that they must hate each other, because they are married. Their smallest defects swell in each other's view, and they grow blind
to

to those charms which, in any other object, would affect them. A commerce founded merely on sensation can be attended with no other consequences.

A man, when he marries the object of his affections, should forget that she appears to him adorable, and should consider her merely as a mortal, subject to disorders, caprice and ill temper; he should arm himself with fortitude, to bear the loss of her beauty, and should provide himself with a fund of complaisance which is requisite to support a constant intercourse, with a person even of the highest understanding and the greatest
equa-

equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, should not expect a continued course of adulation and obedience; she should dispose herself to obey in her turn with a good grace; a science very difficult to attain, and consequently the more estimable in the opinion of a man who is sensible of the merit. She should endeavour to revive the charms of the mistress, by the solidity and good sense of the friend.

When a pair, who entertain such rational sentiments, are united by indissoluble bonds, all nature smiles upon them, and the most common objects appear delightful.

lightful. In my opinion, such a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the most ravishing and best regulated gallantry.

A woman who is capable of reflection, can consider a gallant in no other light than that of a seducer who would take advantage of her weakness, to procure a momentary pleasure at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour, and perhaps her life. A highwayman who claps a pistol to your breast, to rob you of your purse, is less dishonest and less guilty ; and I have so good an opinion of myself as to believe
that

that if I was a man, I should be as capable of assuming the character of an assassin, as that of defiling an honest woman, esteemed in the world and happy in her husband, by inspiring her with a passion to which she must sacrifice her honour, her tranquillity and her virtue.

Should I make her despicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tenderness, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her husband detestable? I believe that these reflections would have appeared to me in as strong

strong a light, if my sex had not rendered them excusable in such cases; and I hope that I should have had more sense than to imagine vice the less vicious, because it is the fashion.

N. B. I am much pleased with the Turkish manners: a people, though ignorant, yet, in my judgement, extremely polite. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the same abhorrence as a prostitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune, and they would deem it scandalous to confer any considerable employment

ployment on a man suspected of having committed such enormous injustice.

What would these moral people think of our anti-knights errant, who are ever in pursuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to distress, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itself as so many incentives, which inflame their desires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themselves in the glory of appearing expert seducers, forget that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the second rank in that noble order, the Devil

Devil having long since been in possession of the first.

Our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and wretchedness, which are ever inseparable, that it requires a degree of understanding and sensibility infinitely above the common, to relish the felicity of a marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the best grounded constancy, in the midst of those dissipations, which our ridiculous customs have rendered unavoidable.

It

It must pain an amorous husband to see his wife take all the fashionable liberties; it seems harsh not to allow them, and to be conformable he is reduced to the necessity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her understanding to all the world, to see her display her bosom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herself for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thousand and a thousand adorers, and listen to the insipid flattery of a thousand and a thousand coxcombs. Is it possible to preserve an esteem for such a creature, or at least must not her value be

be greatly diminished by such a commerce?

I must still resort to the maxims of the East, where the most beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; and they are too sincere not to confess, that they think themselves capable of exciting desires.

I recollect a conversation that I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, (the most amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the closest friendship.)

She frankly acknowledged that she was satisfied with her husband. What libertines, said she, you Christian ladies are! You are permitted to receive visits from as many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited use of love and wine. I assured her that she was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to listen to, or to love, any other than our husbands. “Your husbands are great fools, she replied smiling, to be content with so precarious a fidelity. Your necks, your eyes, your hands, your conversation are all for the publick, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me,

“ me, my pretty Sultana, she added,
 “ embracing me, I have a strong incli-
 “ nation to believe all that you tell me,
 “ but you would impose impossibilities
 “ upon me. I know the filthiness of the
 “ infidels; I perceive that you are
 “ ashamed, and I will say no more.”

I found so much good sense and pro-
 priety in what she said, that I knew not
 how to contradict her, and at length I
 acknowledged that she had reason to
 prefer the Mahometan manners to our
 ridiculous customs, which form a con-
 fused medley of the rigid maxims of
 Christianity, with all the libertinism of

the Spartans : And notwithstanding our absurd manners, I am persuaded that a woman who is determined to place her happiness in her husband's affections, should abandon the extravagant desire of engaging public adoration ; and that a husband who tenderly loves his wife, should, in his turn, give up the reputation of being a gallant. You find that I am supposing a very extraordinary pair ; it is not very surprising therefore, that such an union should be uncommon in those countries, where it is requisite to conform to established customs in order to be happy.

V E R S E S

*Written in the Chiaszk at Pera,
overlooking Constantinople,
December 26, 1718.*

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

GIVE me, great God! said I, a little farm,
In Summer shady, and in Winter warm;
Where a clear spring gives birth to murm'ring brooks
By nature gliding down the mossy rocks.
Not artfully by leaden pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd *cascade*,
Pure and unfully'd winding thro' the shade.

All-bounteous Heaven has added to my prayer,
A softer climate, and a purer air.

Our frozen ISLE now chilling Winter binds,
Deform'd by rains, and rough with blasting winds;
The wither'd woods grow white with hoary frost,
By driving storms their verdant beauty lost;
The trembling birds their leafless covert shun,
And seek in distant climes a warmer sun:
The water-nymphs their silent urns deplore,
Ev'n *Thames* benumb'd 's a river now no more;
The barren meads no longer yield delight,
By glistening snows made painful to the sight.

Here Summer reigns with one eternal smile,
Succeeding harvests bless the happy soil.
Fair fertile fields to whom indulgent Heaven
Has ev'ry charm of ev'ry season given,

No killing cold deforms the beauteous year,
 The springing flowers no coming Winter fear.
 But as the parent *Rose* decays and dies,
 The infant-buds with brighter colour rise,
 And with fresh sweets the mother's scent supplies.
 Near them the *Violet* grows with odours blest,
 And blooms in more than Tyrian purple drest;
 The rich *Jonquils* their golden beams display,
 And shine in glories emulating day;
 The peaceful groves their verdant leaves retain,
 The streams still murmur, undefil'd with rain,
 And tow'ring greens adorn the fruitful plain.
 The warbling kind uninterrupted sing,
 Warm'd with enjoyments of perpetual Spring.

Here at my window I at once survey
 The crowded city and resounding sea;
 In distant views the *Asian* mountains rise,
 And lose their snowy summits in the skies:

Above those mountains proud *Olympus* towers,
 The parliamentary seat of heavenly powers,
 New to the sight, my ravish'd eyes admire
 Each gilded crescent and each antique spire,
 The marble mosques beneath whose ample domes,
 Fierce warlike *Sultans* sleep in peaceful tombs;
 Those lofty structures once the Christian's boast,
 Their names, their beauty, and their honours lost;
 Those altars bright with gold and sculpture grac'd,
 By barb'rous zeal of savage foes defac'd;
Sophia alone her ancient name retains,
 Tho' unbelieving vows her shrine profanes;
 Where holy saints have died in sacred cells,
 Where monarchs pray'd, the frantick *Dervise* dwells.
 How art thou fall'n, imperial city, low!
 Where are thy hopes of *Roman* glory now?
 Where are thy palaces by prelates rais'd,
 Where *Grecian* artists all their skill display'd,
 Before the happy sciences decay'd;

So vast, that youthful kings might here reside,
 So splendid, to content a patriarch's pride;
 Convents where emperors profess'd of old,
 Their labour'd pillars that their triumphs told;
 Vain monuments of them that once were great,
 Sunk undistinguish'd by one common fate;
 One little spot, the tenure small contains
 Of *Greek* nobility, the poor remains.
 Where other *Helens* with like powerful charms,
 Has once engag'd the warring world in arms;
 Those names which royal ancestors can boast,
 In mean mechanick arts obscurely lost;
 Those eyes a second *Homer* might inspire,
 Fix'd at the loom destroy their useless fire;
 Griev'd at a view which struck upon my mind
 The short-liv'd vanity of human-kind.

In gaudy objects I indulge my sight,
 And turn where *Eastern pomp* gives gay delight;

See

See the vast train in various habits drest,
 By the bright scymitar and sable vest,
 The proud *Vizier* distinguish'd o'er the rest;
 Six slaves in gay attire his bridle hold,
 His bridle rich with gems, and stirrups gold;
 His snowy steed adorn'd with costly pride,
 Whole troops of soldiers mounted by his side,
 These top the plummy crest *Arabian* courtiers guide
 With artful duty all decline their eyes,
 No bellowing shouts of noisy crouds arise;
 Silence in solemn state the march attends,
 Till at the dread *Divan* the slow procession ends.

Yet not these prospects all profusely gay,
 The gilded navy that adorns the sea,
 The rising city in confusion fair,
 Magnificently form'd irregular;

Where

Where woods and palaces at once surprize,
 Gardens on gardens, domes on domes arise,
 And endless beauties tire the wand'ring eyes;
 So sooth my wishes, or so charm my mind,
 As this *retreat* secure from human-kind.
 No knave's successful craft does spleen excite,
 No coxcomb's taudry splendour shocks my sight;
 No mob alarm awakes my female fear,
 No praise my mind nor envy hurts my ear,
 Ev'n fame itself can hardly reach me here :
 Impertinence with all her tattling train,
 Fair-sounding flattery's delicious bane;
 Censorious folly, noisy party-rage
 The thousand tongues with which she must engage,
 Who dares have *virtue* in a *vicious* age.

V E R S E S

TO THE

Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

By Mr. POPE.

I.

IN beauty or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd ;
But men of discerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent

II.

Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules
 Have reading to females deny'd;
 So *Papists* refuse
 The BIBLE to use,
 Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a WOMAN at first
 (Indeed she was curst)
 In *knowledge* that tasted *delight*;
 And sages agree,
 The laws should decree
 To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
 Renew the old claim,
 Which to your whole sex does belong,
 And let men receive,
 From a second bright *Eve*,
 The knowledge of *right* and of *wrong*.

But

5

V.

But if the first *Eve*
 Hard doom did receive,
 When only *one apple* had she,
 What a punishment new
 Shall be found out for you,
 Who tasting, have robb'd the *whole tree*;

A

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Verfes written in the Chiafk at Pera
overlooking Constantinople, December
26, 1718. By lady Mary Wortley
Montague.

Verfes to the lady Mary Wortley
Montague. By Mr. Pope.

F I N I S.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

XXX (1-3) XI.86

II.87

XXXXX (1-3) VIII 92













Montagu, Mary Wortley,

Letters Of the Right Honourable Lady M---y W----y M-----e Written during
her Travels in Europe, Asia And Africa To Persons of Distinction, Men of
Letters &c. in different Parts of Europe, Which Contain Among other
Curious Relations, Accounts of the Policy and Manners of the Turks ; Drawn
from Sources that have been inaccessible to other Travellers ; In Three
Bd.: 3

London 1767

It.sing. 685-3

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10467561-5